

The Torpedo Boat that Drowned Herself.

The Story of "The Intelligent Whale" and the Eleven Yankee Sailors Who were Suffocated in Her.

Edwin Woodworth, Saved from the "Old Rat Trap."

Told by the Only Living Survivor.

WILL the new submarine boat invented by Holland be successful? In a few days it will start on a trial trip to Washington, where it will undergo inspection by the Government.

The history of submarine inventions is one of death and disaster.

There is an old vessel lying on a dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard which has killed thirty men. It carried them down in squads of thirteen to drown under many fathoms.

It was a vessel designed by an intramurine of water. It was a vessel designed for war—to kill men by premeditation, to deal death by torpedo and dynamite. Yet never has it done more than to wreak murder—carry men under the water and drown them like rats in a trap.

Such is the "Intelligent Whale." The man looks through her gaunt sides into the bare and rusty saloon, where thirty men lost their lives. Of naval submarine vessels she was the pioneer.

She stands on the dock like a rickety old sepulchre, haunted by ghosts of murdered men. All the old iron scraps, broken guns

and empty shells have been cleared away, but the "Intelligent Whale," still stands, a monument to man's stupidity.

It may be that the old vessel is kept as a solemn warning. Nobody seems to know. The "Intelligent Whale" has remained in the same spot for over twenty years, and is likely to stay there for twenty years more.

Many of the officers and men attached to the navy yard know nothing whatever about the boat. Even the name of the inventor has been forgotten. He was a foreigner. That much is definitely known. It is also a certainty that after thirty men had met with death in the vessel the inventor disappeared.

The "Intelligent Whale" was designed as a submarine vessel. It was claimed by the inventor that she would slouch along under the water and attach torpedoes to the bottoms of an enemy's vessels.

Drowned Eleven Men.

Instead of doing this the vessel attached herself firmly to the bottom of the river and drowned everybody on board but two men.

A few days ago an old man named Edwin Woodworth, having served the time limit in the navy, was discharged and went to his home in Brooklyn to live.

The old plying for ships and guns still clings to him, however, and he often visits

The "Intelligent Whale."

"A vessel designed for war—to kill men by premeditation, to deal death by torpedo and dynamite. Yet never has it done more than to wreak murder—to carry men under the water and drown them like rats in a trap. Such is the 'Intelligent Whale.'"

While rambling about the yard one day last week, I stumbled across the "Intelligent Whale." He shuddered and swore a bottle-green nautical oath.

Once more on the surface. What a sight there was in that little cabin. Only two of the thirteen men were alive. The rest were lying tumbled in heaps on the floor.

"Eleven of them were dead, among them

Then he put his hands on his knees for a better look.

"It's her, damn her eyes!" he roared; "it's the same old rat trap."

Then the old mariner sat down and told the true story of the "Intelligent Whale."

"It was some time in the early seventies," he began. "I have forgotten the exact time, that this old trap was towed into the navy yard."

"It had been here several days when word went around that men were wanted to go down in her, for a submarine voyage. We had just returned from a long cruise, and most of the men were waiting to be paid off and discharged. One of the officers of the ship came to the mast and asked for volunteers to make up the crew for the vessel. Several of the men, with myself, volunteered, and we were taken over to some river in Jersey, where the boat was taken by one of the tugs from the navy yard."

"After some trouble the boat was gotten under way and floated a short distance away from the shore."

Blood Almost Burst from My Eyes.

"We went on board in boats. There were thirteen of us. This in itself was enough to scare some of the men. We were packed so close that we had scarcely room to move around."

"The vessel was run by cranks which were worked by hand. Four of us went to work, and finally got her to going about as fast as a turtle floats."

"We worked her up and down the river for some time for the edification of the men and women on shore."

"Then the order was passed to close the trap hatch on top of the boat and make all things secure."

"I tell you I felt shaky when this was being done. I wanted to back out, but I did not know how. After the hatch had been closed the heat was something awful."

"Three of the men fainted. The boat was taken to the shore and the men lifted out. This undoubtedly saved their lives. Three other men were taken on, and once more the boat was cranked out into the middle of the river."

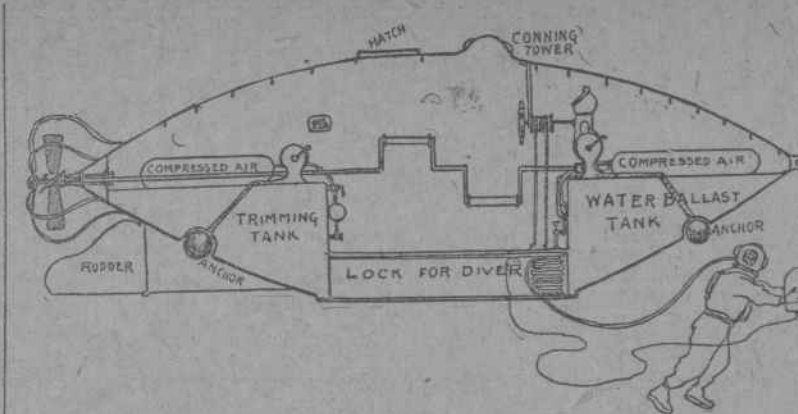
"Then the officer in charge started to sink the vessel. I don't know how it was done. She just went down like lead. It seemed to me she was sinking too fast, but I did not dare say so. It was as dark as pitch. The men who had charge of the valves could not handle them."

"There were two cylinders of air, supposed to be enough for us, but it seemed to stop coming out after the boat got under the water."

"I felt the blood almost bursting from my eyes. I could scarcely breathe. I could feel the men groaning about me in the darkness. The men at the valves fell unconscious. I tumbled over them. Two of the men with their senses still about them groped along until they found the valves, which they worked desperately and ignorantly."

Dead Were in Heaps.

At last there came a faint gleam of daylight through the glass skylight. We were



The Intelligent Whale from the Builder's Working Drawings, Showing Diver About to Place a Submarine Torpedo in Position for Exploding.

the man who had charge of the vessel.

"It was an awful experience, and it aged me wonderfully. Within a short time my hair had grown gray. They could never persuade me to go aboard the vessel after that."

"I went away on a cruise of three years and when I returned the vessel was on the ordnance dock."

"No, sir, you can never get me on a boat that pretends to sail under water."

It has been a question of long standing who the vessel belongs to. It is known that the Government made but one payment on the vessel. There is no record of any second payment. In fact, the history of the boat is not known."

In one of the old naval reports there is the following record concerning the boat:

"After the war the first submarine boat that gained any notoriety in this country was the 'Intelligent Whale.' The boat is twenty-six feet long by nine deep. The material used in its construction was boiler iron about one half inch in thickness. It has one centre and two bilge keels made

of heavy timber. The propelling power is a four bladed screw driven by four men at the cranks inside the vessel. The screw is protected by several bands of iron which cover it."

Monument to Man's Stupidity

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The Whale's Belly.

The inside of the boat was remarkable for its

fitted with a compass to direct its course, a water gauge to indicate its depth, and a gauge for showing the pressure of air.

When the vessel is to sink the tanks are filled by opening a valve. It was claimed that they could be readily emptied by pumps or the water forced out by the admission of compressed air."

The entrance is through a circular door on top of the boat just back of the lookout cupola. In the bottom are two small doors through which a man handling the torpedoes leaves the vessel. Two fifteen-inch shot, one at each end of the boat, for anchors. They are let into the water and hold the boat by large iron rope cables. The windlasses for weighing these anchors are in water-tight boxes and so arranged as to be easily handled from within. When the water in the tanks becomes foul, a valve is opened and the water is forced out. In the same manner the air, when it becomes foul, is allowed to escape through thumb valves arranged in the top of the boat."

A Real Death Trap.

The first trial of the boat was made in the Passaic River early in the seventies. Thirteen men were placed in the vessel at each of the trials. When the boat was sunk the air tanks failed to work, and before it could be gotten to the surface the men were suffocated."

When the vessel is to be sunk water is let into the tanks until the boat passes slowly under the surface of the water. It was

expected that the four men who worked at the cranks could drive the boat at the rate of four miles an hour. This, however, was never done. The man at the lookout works the fins and steers the vessel."

When the vessel reaches the required depth the gates at the bottom are opened and a man in submarine armor goes out, carrying an electric torpedo, the wires of which are attached to the battery in the boat and pass out into the water through holes in the side of the boat. The torpedo is then exploded after having been placed on the bottom of the vessel by means of the electric battery."

The United States Government had intended purchasing the vessel, and the trials which resulted so disastrously were held for this purpose. One instalment on the price was paid by the Government. Some difficulty arose as to the ownership of the patents, and the matter was allowed to rest until the difficulty was overcome. This was never done. The report of the officers who had charge of the trials of the boat were sent to the Navy Department, and the vessel was voted a complete failure. A superior boat could have been constructed for half the price, the Government was asked for this one, and the owners never made any claim for the vessel. It was put on the ordnance dock at the Navy Yard and has remained there ever since."

Recently several of the men stationed on Cob Dock inspected the boat, and, after considerable trouble, opened the hatch through which to enter the vessel. Four of them got into the boat and the door closed on them. Before it could be opened two of the men became unconscious and were with difficulty gotten out of the vessel by their comrades."



Slaughter of Suckling Babies Horrifics Naples

At last there came a faint gleam of daylight through the glass skylight. We were once more on the surface. What a sight there was in that little cabin. Only two of the thirteen men were alive. The rest were lying tumbled in heaps on the floor. Eleven of them were dead, among them the man who had charge of the vessel."

At the exposure of the terrible mortality in the foundling asylum of Maria d'Annunziata, in Naples. During the last seven years about three thousand suckling babies were admitted there. Only twenty of these lived to be weaned. In 1896, 853 were admitted, and of these 850 died before they were weaned.

The Santa Casa dell' Annunziata is a baby farm in the worst sense of that term, and the Italian Government has taken measures to bring those responsible to book for their awful deeds. The institution has an annual income of \$150,000—a sum that in Italy is equal to half a million in this country, so that lack of money cannot be pleaded forward as even a bad excuse.

The first intimation Naples had of the state of things in the asylum was a few weeks ago, when the Italian novelist, Mathilde Serao, published a sensational article in the Naples *Il Mattino*, giving such a vivid and startling description of the horrors she had seen that no one took her seriously. But when, later, her statements were fully confirmed the Government was forced to take cognizance of the state of things.

According to Mile. Serao, the rooms in the asylum were narrow, with low ceilings, and all the windows looked down to a courtyard that is reeking with filth. The air is surcharged with foul odors from daybreak to daybreak—the effluvia of bad drainage, the result of a foul and unclean kitchen and the outcome of an outrageous system of mismanagement. The novelist, in describing the horrors she saw, has this to say:

"The main cause of all these deaths is hunger—the babies were literally starved to death. This is not an exaggeration, but a plain fact—awful though it may seem in this apparently civilized age. Despite the 600,000 francs income the institution has every year, its inmates died from absolute lack of food."

Mile. Serao's exposures have created a profound sensation and an official investigation is now under way. The asylum is an ancient institution and has always been supported by public subscription.

In former years, when it was still run on humanitarian plans, it was distinguished by two quaint customs. The first of these related to the admission of babies. At the front outer wall there was a little office, just large enough to admit a newborn infant. Beneath this was a table turning on a pivot. The mother—unnatural or too poor, as the case might be—who desired her babe to be supported by a paternal government, placed her offspring upon the little table, turned it and the infant disappeared into the asylum. In this manner no one inside knew who the person was who delivered the baby.

The other custom, more human in its conception, took place every 25th of May, Annunciation Day. Then all female inmates of the institution who survived the hardships of infancy and were of proper age, were stood in line in the courtyard, and any one desiring a motherless wife could make his selection. This was done by throwing a handkerchief at the young woman desired.

Last mail advices from Naples state that the Government will assume control of the institution taking it out of the hands of those who had so grossly mismanaged it.

Dr. George Cerio, of this city, who is a native of Naples, is of the opinion that the Government will be forced by popular opinion to begin a criminal prosecution against those responsible for the fearful condition of affairs as revealed by Mile. Serao. It has been in the institution many times has often complained to the authorities, but without avail. As in many of the cases, the power of the press is required to stir the authorities to action.

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